

# I can't give you my soul 'cause we're never alone by goldenwonder

**Series:** it comes and goes in waves [2]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Feels, Fluff, Happy times, Jealousy, New Year's Eve, Parties, Pieces, Vignettes, blink and youll miss it lol, during part 1, i cant let these two go yet, see if you can spot a reference to an 80s movie

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Original Female Character(s), Original Male Character(s), Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-12-09

**Updated:** 2017-12-09

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 05:16:09

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,735

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

It wasn't all bad.

Sometimes, they were happy.

Or: a brief interlude of times where they saw nothing but eachother, and that was enough.

# I can't give you my soul 'cause we're never alone

## Author's Note:

Dammit, I can't shake these two.

You don't have to read the first part to understand this, but you should check it out if you're interested!  
^-^

I hope you enjoy these little vignettes of the happier times between these two tragic characters.

Don't forget to leave a comment and kudos, that makes my day!♥

Stay frosty, my friends.

-K

~

Her window was open before he even arrived, and he slipped in with minimal noise as she stayed crouched on her bed, books and papers sprawled all around her. When he moves to close the window, that's when she looks up,

“No, keep it open. The cold helps me concentrate.”

She pushes her work to one side of the bed, and he doesn't ask what she's working on. He kicks off his shoes, discarding his jacket and lays parallel to her, eyes on the ceiling.

This was one of the rare nights where she pays him no mind. Typically as soon as he's at her window she's practically waiting for

him. He feels hurt by the lack of attention, and eyeing the books he spies *“The Human Body”* textbook opened to a page with several diagrams. She’s writing notes, looking over them, and writing again. Final exams, he figures, is why this has distracted her from him.

He sits up, and leans close to her. He lets his hands move up her shirt, against her back. She shifts slightly, but remains steadfast to her books. His hands slip around her waist, and he pulls just the slightest to where her back leans against his chest. He raises a hand and pushes back her hair, laying a kiss on her neck.

He hears her groan and this makes him smirk, but then he hears papers shuffle and she pulls away.

“I can’t do this tonight. I’ve got to study, okay?” She sighs, rubbing her eyes. Leaning her elbows on her knees, he sees the way her shoulders tense under her sweatshirt. He doesn’t have to be looking at her to know she’s under a tremendous amount of stress.

“How long have you been studying?” She looks back at her bedside clock,

“An hour or so. Give a few minutes.” She rubs the back of her neck, and sits up straighter. He flinched when she cracks her neck, and rolls her shoulders back.

“It feels like an eternity.” She mumbles. There’s an emptiness in her voice that is different, concerning to him. He glances down at his lap, before pulling her close, hands around her middle. Despite her protests, she doesn’t fight back. She mumbles words pertaining to

studying, and that he's distracting her, but they're too quiet to hear.

He's got her in his lap, pulling her back against his chest. He feels how cold she is, and wonders why in the hell she has the window wide open in *December*. He pulls one of the throw blankets over them, and Carrie shifts against him, closer.

He pushes her hair away from her shoulders, and he feels her begin to relax, and then slacken. As he smooths down her hair, her breathing is light.

She had fallen asleep.

He sighs, knowing he was stuck between her and the bed for a good while now, leaning his head back against the wall. But, she's oddly comforting in his arms. It's like holding on to a security blanket, or a teddy bear like a child would. It's a sense of safety, security, and comfort. Her hair, still fresh from a shower, smells of vanilla and honey.

He leans his head into her hair, and closes his eyes.

Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

~

He pushes the door to the gas station open, an arm around her

middle as they're both reeling from laughter.

“Please, stop!” She whines, and he grins, burying his nose in the crook of her neck, and she leans away from him, her eyes crinkled with laughter.

“Quit! I’m serious! I’m very ticklish!” She says, twirling out of his grasp, but faces him. The door shuts behind him, and he met her eyes. They sparkle and he takes a few steps to follow her but she quickly turns down an aisle. She’s staring rather intently at the selection of candy. He takes his time coming to her side, his steps the only noise in the station besides the music playing softly overhead.

He then dives in and wraps both arms around her torso, pulling her against him and kisses at her neck, nipping lightly. She busts out in laughter, her hand holding his arm tightly. He shushes her but it doesn’t help, and she turns him around so his back is to the wall of candy. She turns in his arms, grabbing onto his jacket. He sees out of the corner of his eye the clerk giving them the evil eye.

“Don’t get us kicked out of the gas station because *someone* demands being handsy.” She whispers urgently, but smiles. He looks down at her, eyebrows raised.

“What’s going to get us kicked out is you being loud as hell.” He says. He doesn’t tell her how much her laugh makes his chest feel weightless, how he likes hearing it, especially as of late when she hardly smiles anymore.

She rolls her eyes, hitting his chest lightly. The sound of a roaring

engine sounds outside, and she looks to him,

“Didn’t we come in here for something?” She sighs. He slowly undoes his hands around her, and heads to the bathroom. She catches the wrist of his jacket, pulling him in for a hard kiss. When she lets go, she turns, and they go their separate ways.

When he emerges again, he sees her talking to a guy not much older than them. His long black coat was nearly as dark as his short hair, and he smiles at her.

By the time he makes his way over, the guy disappears outside, and the roaring of an engine starts. He sees a motorcycle pull out just in time.

She stares at him, eating a Red Vine from the package she carries.

“Billy Hargrove, are you jealous?” She muses. He scoffs, rolling his eyes. He grabs a bag of Cracker Jacks and heads to the register. She stands beside him, Red Vine hanging from her lips.

“Who was he?” He questions offhandedly. She laughs,

“It’s just JD. He’s a friend.”

“Oh yeah?” He says, tossing the cash on the counter before turning, grabbing the bag. She follows him outside, turning him around

against his car.

“Yes.” She says, leaning up and kissing him softly. His hand moves to the back of her neck, and her lips taste so sweet.

He doesn’t tell her the relief he feels when she tells him that.

~

When he hears the door, he calls Max to answer it. The TV drowns out his voice, however, and he calls her again once another knock sounds. When she doesn’t respond, he stands with a huff and a swig of his beer.

He opens it, and is surprised to see a burst of color meeting his face. The mass of flowers lowers, and Carrie’s face peeks over.

“Are those for me?” He questions with a smirk, leaning against the doorway. She lowers them completely,

“They were actually for your parents, if they’re even home.”

“You just missed them. I told you they had an impromptu date night, so I’m stuck playing babysitter.” He says, jutting his finger back to the direction of the bedrooms.

“Well, I suppose you’ll have to invite me in. It is Tuesday, after all.” She says. He regards her with half-lidded eyes, knowing they had a solid two hours before his dad and Susan returned. Besides, with Max holed up in her room, she wasn’t bound to see anything.

“Fine.” He says, stepping out of the way and Carrie glides inside. He catches a whiff of her perfume, freshly applied. He knows this because this is what he smells every night they go out together, and it’s still strong.

She walks to the kitchen, setting the flowers on the counter and began rummaging through the cabinets. He leans against the counter, crossing his arms.

“Doesn’t your mom have any vases around here? Jeez-“

“Step-Mom.” He clarifies, and she throws a hand up.

“Whatever, I just ca- Ha!” She says, standing and producing an ugly blue vase. She fills it slightly with water, and places the flowers inside. It adds more color to the already ugly sandy-colored kitchen. But, it’s bright and cheery, like Carrie.

“You can tell them it was given by someone special.” She says with a wink, walking to him where he stood against the counter. She braced her hands on either side of the counter, pressing into him. He felt her leg slide between his, gliding up to brush him and it makes him jump. A hand moves to her waist, under her jacket, and she smiles.

“What day is it again?” He murmurs, leaning his head down and kissing her deeply. She leans up in her tiptoes, leaning on the counter to push herself up. He puts an arm around her waist, pulling her up and turned, setting her on the counter. She smiles, taking him by the shirt and pulling him closer, kissing him hotly. He pulls her to the edge of the counter when she wraps her legs around his waist. The sound of the refrigerator makes them both jump, and Billy’s eyes flare up.

“*Max!*” He shouts. She doesn’t even flinch and grabs a soda from the refrigerator. Carrie puts a hand on his arm,

“Billy, it’s fine-“

“Baby, just go to the living room, okay?” He says, pulling away and Max shuts the door, heading down the hallway wordlessly. Carrie is still looking at him, and bites her lower lip.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell Neil. Yet.” Max says over her shoulder and disappears into her room. Billy’s nostrils flare, but he doesn’t follow. He knows Max could hold this over his head, and he couldn’t do anything about it.

Carrie slides off the counter, moving behind him and wrapping her arms around his middle.

“I think it’ll be fine. Don’t worry about it, okay?” She murmurs, and he sighs, leaning his head down. He feels her forehead press into his back between his shoulder blades, her arms securely around him.

He slackens a bit, turning around to her and pulls her hair away from her shirt. It's soft, and flows easily through his fingers.

“Come on. Let’s find something to watch.” He mumbles.

~

“Billyyyy!!” Fred shouts from the keg. Tommy H is there, solo cup in hand, grinning.

“Come on, Keg King! Show ‘em who’s boss!” He taunts. Billy takes a drag of his cigarette, pushing off the wall he had been leaning against.

“Only unless someone is seriously close to beating my record, no.” He says, not bothering to hide the cockiness in his voice. Fred and Tommy give him a dismayed look, and he turns inside.

The party was in full swing, music blaring and drinks being passed around. New Year’s was only a few hours away, and every teenager was buzzing with energy.

His eyes scan the partygoers, some sucking face in corners or trading off drinks or chugging beers. He tugs at the collar of his shirt, being forced to button it up due to the cold weather. Shifting the leather jacket on his shoulders, he was getting antsy.

“Looking for someone?” A voice says behind him, and his chest leaps but he turns to see Linda or

Lisa or somebody or other. She holds a cup in one hand, the other on her hip. Billy rolls his eyes, and begins to sidestep her, but she only slides to block him.

“Come on, Billy. You never wanna play anymore!” She whines, and Billy makes a face. He then remembers vaguely making out with her a few times at past parties.

“Sorry.” He says, though he is far from it. When she looks at him pointedly, and begins taking steps towards him, he turns away. He holds his cigarette between his fingers, letting the smoke he blows flow behind him. He then pauses when he sees movement going across the room. He sees the back of her head, stopping at a table.

He forces himself to take short, slow strides as he comes behind her. He takes a drag of his cigarette, turning his head to the side and exhaling sharply. He then leans in close, pressing himself against her and whispers huskily in her ear,

“You’re late.” She turns, not a trace of surprise on her face. She smiles,

“I think as long as you arrive before midnight, you’re technically early.” She says, and he puts his hand around the back of her neck, kissing her hard.

“You left me to deal with a bunch of idiots,” He says after he pulls away.

“They’re *your* friends.” She points, raising her eyebrows. He rolls his eyes, and she laughs.

“Let’s get out of here.” He says, dropping his cigarette into a lone drink, it sizzles as it goes out. He takes her hand, pulling her away from the table. But, she snags a cup and follows him close behind, downing it hurriedly.

Billy stops at the kitchen, opening the refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of champagne. Slamming it shut, he passes it to Carrie.

“Hm, we’re gonna party pretty hard, huh?” She teases, and he looks to her with a wicked grin, licking his lower lip.

“Hey, where you going Hargrove?” Roy shouts, and Billy turns his head.

“Getting the hell out of here!” He says, pushing Carrie towards the door lightly. She takes his hand and guides him, champagne in the other hand.

“What?! You’re the life of the party, dude!”

“This party blows!” Carrie shouts, and yanks Billy to the door. He

cackles at Roy's face, throwing his head back as they disappear out the door.

*And I'm never gonna dance again*

*Guilty feet have got no rhythm*

*Though it's easy to pretend*

*I know you're not a fool*

Billy breathes, lifting himself up off of Carrie in the back of his car. She moans, wiping her forehead of sweat. She sits up, her breasts pale in the moonlight as she feels around for something to cover herself. Billy peels off the rubber, tossing it out the window and adjusted himself and his pants.

Carrie sits up, leaning over the consol and switched the radio. She sighs, her legs aching.

“Did I really just fuck my way into 1985 to George Michael?” She huffs, sitting back in the seat. Billy grabs her waist, pulling her close and crashes his lips against hers. Sliding his tongue between her lips, he feels for the champagne bottle in the front seat.

When he finally grabs it, he pulls away.

“Can’t say I’m thrilled by it either, but...” he says, popping the cork of the champagne. Some of the fizz spills on his chest and he quickly drinks the rest. He feels her fingers run along his chest, and he lowers

the bottle to see her lick her fingers.

She takes the bottle and takes a few gulps. He licks his lips, and watches her hungrily. When she lowers the bottle, she meets his eyes. His chest rises and falls lightly, and she sees his eyes soften just a bit.

“You alright there, Billy?” She laughs lightly, but feels her heartbeat hammering in her chest. He glanced down at her lips, and his eyes flicker back to hers.

“Yeah. Fine.” He says, taking the bottle and taking a sip. She moves beside him, curling into his side and rest her head on his shoulder. Leaning her head up, she kisses his neck and wraps her arm around his chest.

He glanced down at her, but doesn’t say anything. His chest feels warm, and he wants to say something. Anything. They dance on his lips and play with his tongue, but he never speaks.

He pulls her into his lap and sets the champagne onto the floor of the car. He takes her by the chin and kisses her. It startles Carrie, only because how sweet it is. She doesn’t recall ever getting a kiss as gentle as this from Billy, ever.

She looks at him when she pulls away, confused. Her hand rests against his cheek, hot and rough with stubble. He smooths back her hair, and his face is hidden by the shadows of the car.

“Happy New Year, Carrie.” his voice is barely a whisper. The baritone of his voice catches on the last syllable of her name, and she smiles softly.

“Happy New Year, Billy.”